# The City Mouſe.



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# The Country Mouſe, AND The City Mouſe. OR A merry morrall Fable, enlarged out of *Horace. Serm. lib. 2. Sat. 6.*

*Ruſticus urbanum murem, mus paupere fertur,*
*Accepiſſe cavo, veterem vetus hoſpes amicum.*

In former time a Country Mouſe
That in a Cave did live:
Vnto a wealthy City Mouſe
Did entertainement give.

a Poem

*The ſecond Edition.*

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## A Caveat to Readers.

*LEt the Envious strive to show*
*His scorne of this Fable below*
*His fancy which must mounted be,*
*Above the Readers Charity,*
*As if he strived to refute*
*Mysterious Oracles of Fate.*
*This Fable is no fine device,*
*But an old Fable of two Mice,*
*Which desires no commendation*
*But to be read for Recreation.*
*For these Mice may talke in season,*
*Having eaten many a Reason,*
*Therefore if the Reader likeum,*
Mus novum accipit amicum.
*Which is to say, the Mice intend,*
*To count that Reader a new friend.*

# THE COVNTRY MOVSE; AND The Citty Mouſe.

IN *Italy*, a Country rich in pleaſure,
Which nature had adorn'd with all her treaſure,
Both to delight the eye, and feed the ſence;
And ſeeming prodigall in her expence (flowers
Had made the ayre ſweete with the breath of
Which were begot by ſoft and gentle ſhowres.
Here on the bending of a Hill there ſtood,
Some pleaſant trees which made a ſhady wood,
And here it chanced that a Country Mouſe
Did live alone, and kept a Country houſe.
His houſe was not ſo ſpacious as thoſe are
Whoſe lofty Pinicles advanc'd with care
May ſeeme the living grave of ſome rich man:
Who does uſurpe authority, and can
In a faire roomy building, keepe a houſe
Of ſuch cleane dyet that ſhall ſtarve a mouſe.

But ſuch was not the Cottage, nor the Cave,
Wherein this Country Mouſe, did live moſt brave
And moſt compleate, for though it were not large
And ſpacious, yet this Mouſe at his owne charge,
Did keep a good warm houſe, wel ſtord with plen-
The larders, nor the Butteries were not empty, (ty
As in theſe pinching dayes, no, he had ſtore
Of rich proviſion, and that is no ſoare.
And firſt he had brave yellow Bacon, which
For fatneſſe was both glorious and rich,
And ſome dry chippins that long time had beene
Kept in the mouldy Priſon of a Binne:
Yet you muſt know this Country Mouſe by nature
Was but a covetous and hide bound creature,
That ſtored up proviſion without end,
Which he did choiſely keepe and would not ſpend
Vntill that hunger did compell, then he
Vnto himſelfe would ſomewhat liberall be.
Yet he would feed alone, and oft did grutch
To thinke his belly ſhould devoure ſo much,
The thought of a deere yeare kept him in awe,
So that with Acornes he would ſcoure his mawe,
With Acornes or with ſome farre courſer fare,
And as the Miſer doth his God, would ſpare
His chiefe proviſion, yet his narrow minde
Did ſomewhat now enlarge, he grew more kinde;
To counterfeit a vertue he nere had
Liberality, he ſhewd himſelfe right glad,
That the City Mouſe would come viſite him
In his poore Cottage, whereby it did ſeeme

He

He forgot not his poore friends, thus he went
Forward with his diſſembling complement.
The City Mouſe as cunning, did returne
His Country Complement with a kind of ſcorne,
Caſting a looke on him which ſeem'd to pitty
His ignorance that never knew the City,
Imagining that Wit muſt be confin'd
To Cloakes that are with Pluſh and Velvet lin'd:
And that a Country man (as we doe ſay,)
Hath not a mother wit as well as they.
The City Mouſe it ſeem'd conceived ſo,
But now the Country Mouſe begins to ſhow
Vnto the other all his roomes, contriv'd
In ſuch a manner, as if he had ſtriv'd
To imitate the Labarinth of Greece;
Where *Theſeus* obtaind the Golden Fleece.
Being ſo intricate, for it did winde
And turne about, ſo that no Art could finde
The way out of it, and ſuch was the Cave
Wherein this Mouſe did live, and wiſely ſave
His Fathers wealth, his parlour was thicke ſpred
With ruſhes, which were dry and withered.
I ſhould at firſt indeed have nam'd the Hall,
But that his houſe had no ſuch roome at all,
He kept no Liveries, nor did he feede
A crue of ſerving Creatures, nor did neede
A Hall wherein they might unto his credit
Entertaine ſtrangers, no he did not neede it,
But ſcorning ſuch old faſhions, he had none,
For entertainement but his dining roome:

On this hand ſtood his Buttery where he laid
The Meate and Chippins which he had convaid
From rich mens houſes, and there went a way,
Which led unto a Seller, where there lay.
Some Crabs, & wildings with whoſe ſharpe ſoure
To quench his thirſt he oftentimes did uſe, (juce
He had no greaſie kitching, for his meate
Was alwayes dreſſed, ready for to eate.
Yet he had Larders where he layd his ſtore,
And a bed-chamber, with divers roomes more:
For you muſt know, an old and ancient Mole,
Was at the charge of building of this hole;
And you doe know a Mole, can forthwith caſt,
A houſe at his owne proper charge and coſt,
Much workemanſhip, are in his models found,
Although the building be ſtill underground.
And it did ſeeme, this faire houſe did belong
Vnto a Mole, but he was dead and gone,
And being defunct, both his goods and lands,
As others doe, came to a ſtrangers hands,
But this is but a needleſſe fond digreſſion,
The Country Mouſe had gotten now poſſeſſion,
And warmely liv'd therein full many a day,
And to the Lord of the ſoyle did not pay
Any rent at all, which made him to grow bolder,
Becauſe he knew that he was a freeholder.
But let this paſſ, the Country mouſe having ſhown
The Citty Mouſe his houſe and every roome,
As he had given content unto his ſight,
He thought to yeeld his ſtomacke ſome delight.

For

For the belly when a mery tale it heares,
Takes no delight because it hath no eares,
The hungry belly loves no tales I wish,
Vnlesse it be a Taile of buttered fish.
It loves a pudding, wherein plumbs doe sticke,
Better than *Aristotles* Rhetoricke.
But I make haste now to describe the feast,
Wherewith he did receive his dainty guest,
So that *Vitellius* feasts though Sea, and Field,
The earth, the ayre and all did freely yeeld
Their severall sacrifices to his Table,
Yet to compare with this they were not able.
Yet not for store, but this was more compleate,
Because it did exceede the dull conceit
Of Cookes to make such, unles they turne theeves,
When they doe make a dinner for the Shreeves.
Sure not one bit of meat or bread was here,
But had beene stollen before it came there.
He set before him ground Oates for to fill
His belly, which were stollen from a Mill,
With Pease, and other Pulse, and yellow Bacon,
In pecces, which he cunningly had taken
Out of a Cubboard, for his time he spide,
When the Mayd swallow'd sleepe by the fire side,
When night grew old, and the candle burnt dim,
Then presently to filch he did begin,
Also some huskes of grapes which being prest,
Last vintage had bled forth wine of the best.
Also some fragments of dry Pasty Crust,
Wherein some lushious meates to heighten lust,

Had

Had ſmoak't ſometime, or elſe ſome Gooſe had
Within this funerall Coffin cloſed in, (been,
Which at the private Seſſions of a feaſt,
Had beene carv'd round about to every gueſt.
And thus the Country Mouſe with change of fare
To pleaſe the City Mouſe, did take great care,
That with variety he might yeeld delight,
To the City Mouſe, whoſe coſtly appetite,
Expected greater cheare, and was ſo dainty,
He ſcarce would taſte of any, in ſuch plenty
And ſtore of diſhes: but the Country Mouſe,
(who may be ſtil'd the Maſter of the houſe,)
At th' others niceneſſe inwardly did laugh,
And being laid along in this yeares chaffe,
He onely fed upon dry Beanes and Peaſe,
And Barley, or ſuch other pulſe as theſe,
Or on hard Fetches that might exerciſe
His teeth, at theſe he cloſely nubling lies,
But for the other diſhes he did ſpare
To taſt them, ſince indeed he thought they were
Too coſtly; for his ſparing was too great
To allow his belly any ſuch good meate,
T'was an affliction unto him to waſte
His ſtore in ſuch a manner, or to taſte
Of thoſe ſame diſhes; with which it did ſeeme,
His ſtomacke never had acquainted beene.
And herein he did lively repreſent
Some Miſer, whoſe minde is ſo cloſely bent
Vpon his riches, that he does command
The occaſions of his life, to wait and ſtand

At the will of his purſe, he muſt not dine
If his purſe checke him, he muſt drinke no wine
If his purſe checke him, then it is not good:
For he pretends it will enflame his blood:
And thus the Miſer baſely ſerves his purſe,
Money is not his bleſſing, but his curſe,
Who out of covetouſneſſe inures his Pallet
With *Diogenes*, to feede on a poore Sallet,
With muſty Vinegar, and no oyle at all,
This is the man whom we a miſer call.
He with this Country Mouſe doth well agree,
For both of them alike conditioned be.
The Country Mouſe did ſet before his gueſt
His chiefeſt fare, to feaſt him with the beſt,
But for him ſelfe he did allow the worſt,
And in this manner covetous men are curſt:
But at the laſt the City Mouſe to ſhew,
That from the Citty he his breeding drew,
Where it is held a point of manners great,
To talke and complement, as they doe eate,
The City Mouſe to obſerve due *decorum*,
And ſhew he was of the *bene moratorum*,
Or the well manured, began to ſtroake
His beard with his foote, and in Print thus ſpoke,
Kind friend quoth he, know I am of the City,
And therefore I your ignorance doe pitty,
Had you any wiſdome or intelligence,
You would not live here with ſuch patience,
On the backſide of a darke wood alone,
Without company or converſation.

Having

Having no pleaſant objects which may yeeld
Delight unto you, but a hedge or field,
Or ſtore of trees wherein the wind doth make
A hollow noyſe, when he their leaves doth ſhake.
If thou hadſt wit or ingenuity,
Thou wouldſt not preferre the ſociety
Of beaſts and trees before men, therefore leave
This melancholy Cell, which doth bereave
Thee of delight, come therefore follow me
Vnto the Citty, where all pleaſures be,
And ſince that we who are terreſtiall creatures,
Have all of us but fraile and mortall natures,
And after life we muſt returne againe
Vnto the earth, and no part ſhall remaine
Of us, to tell the world that we have beene,
To live in pleaſure, it to me doth ſeeme
The readieſt way to happineſſe that's knowne,
Our *ſummum bonum*, is a good fat bone.
Theſe Latine words I once by chance did eate,
While I a booke did gnaw, ſince that I ſpeake
Theſe words by rote, and as ſome doe, ſo I
On all occaſions bring forth and apply,
Becauſe I have no more; but to the matter
My friend and Country Mouſe I would not flatter
Your underſtanding, for beleeve me death
Will one day ſtop the pipes of our weake breath,
If we were nere ſo great, yet you and I
Muſt yeeld to time, for men and Mice muſt dye.
Nay there is no exception, none can have,
Nor great nor ſmall a Priviledge from the grave,

Therefore

Therefore be wiſe, make uſe now of thy time,
Before thy dayes runne on, and ſtrength decline.
Cheriſh thy ſelfe, and baniſh heavy ſorrow,
Thinke not on cares that ſhall enſue to morrow.
Becauſe our time will quickly have an end,
Let us be ſure our precious houres to ſpend,
In ſuch delights, that every greedy ſence,
May have his object, age doth bring offence,
And takes away the enjoying of all pleaſure,
Then let us now enjoy our youthfull leaſure:
Let us make time grow young, to ſee how we
Doe waſt our time in mirth and jollity,
And ſince our time will quickly waſte away,
Friend Country Mouſe, 'tis wiſdome to obey
My counſell, and therefore come goe with me,
Vnto the Citty where all pleaſures be.
Come goe with me, and thou ſhalt quickly finde
That in the Citty, which will pleaſe thy mind.
The Country Mouſe harkning unto the ſtory,
Which the Citty Mouſe, unto the Cities glory,
Did thus ſet forth, in all her Pagentry
Conſented unto him moſt willingly.
It ſeemes he had no great intelligence,
And therefore he was drawne on by his ſence,
For of his ſpeech he underſtood none of it,
But that which toucht his pleaſure, or his profit:
Like to ſome men who nothing underſtand,
Vntill the matter be put into their hand,
Even ſo this Mouſe imagining that he,
Should in the Citty live in Iollity

And height of Pleaſure; does conſent to goe
With the City Mouſe, and ſo away they two
Doe trudge together, for both lightly skipt
Out of the houſe, and ſo away they tript,
And thus together they jog'd on a while,
Till having gone the length of one good mile
They reacht their journey, and at laſt they came
To the City gates, where a blinckling flame
Of Candle in a lanthorne, ſeem'd to watch
The ſleepy bill men, that ſtood there to catch
Some wandring drunkard, whoſe light giddy head
Was reeling home to finde the way to bed.
But happy were theſe Travellers, or Mice,
Who comming to the gates did in a trice
Slip in betweene them, and in this faſhion
They paſt the watch without examination.
And now it was the mid-time of the night,
And *Luna* in her chariot ſhined bright,
While theſe two Mice did ſtrike up many ſtreetes,
The Country Mouſe at every thing he meetes
Did wonder much, for when that he had ſeene
A Conduite, he imagined it had beene
A bottle wherein Widdowes teares were kept,
Which at their husbands buriall they had wept.
He thought the ſignes that on the ſignepoſts hung
Were hang'd for ſome offence that they had done,
And when he ſaw a Taverne, he was bold
To aske if any ale at all was ſold
In that Gentlemans Hall; The Country Mouſe
Thought every Tayerne had beene an Alehouſe,

And that the buſh an Ivy buſh bad beene
Where the old Owle or Buzzard liv'd within,
Thus every thing appeard moſt ſtrange and rare,
For ſtrangers with new objects taken are:
So was this Mouſe, who in the Country ſaw
No rarities or ſights were worth a ſtraw,
But in the City each thing did invite
His eyes, to gaze with wonder and delight,
And now ſuppoſe that they at laſt arriv'd
At the houſe of a Cittizen, who thriv'd
So much in getting ſtore of wealth, that he
Exceeded all the reſt of his degree,
And he it ſeemes had made a Miſers feaſt;
Who ſeldome making any, had expreſt
More bounty then he uſed, for there came
Many diſhes from the table, to remaine
In the keeping of the Butler, to be made
A ſtanding ſacrifice, and to upbraid
The gueſts in cold blood for their gluttony,
For their exceſſe and wanton luxury.
In a large platter here a Gooſe did lye,
Of whom they had made an Anatomy,
As it had beene diſſected at the Hall
By cruell Surgeons, for to the bone all
His fleſh was pared off; and then moreover,
There were ſome paſties that had halfe a cover,
Some quaking Cuſtards that had beene attempted
With many ſpoones, & ſo had been halfe empted.
Beſides ſome Tarts that had beene cut with knives
And dealt about unto the talking wives.

To

To ſweeten their conceits, whoſe froward hearts
Doe make their husbands often ſup with Tarts.
Alſo there was a worſhipfull peece of beefe
Which is held to be of all meates the cheife.
Beſides the bones of foules that had deſerv'd
So ill at their hands to be cut and carv'd,
While the woodcocke, whoſe name is ill abided,
Amongſt the wiſer ſort had beene divided.
There were wings of Partridges, Ducks, & Quales
The legges of Turkies, Phesants, Snipes, and Railes
As if they had ranſackt the Sea and Field,
And got all kind of foule, the Arke did yeeld:
The Country Mouſe likt all this good cheere well,
And ayrd his ſtomacke with the wholeſome ſmell
Of ſuch good fare, for with much readineſſe,
Theſe Mice into the Buttery got acceſſe,
At a ſmall hole, was underneath the doore,
And when they ſaw of cheare ſuch coſtly ſtore,
The Country Mouſe therewith was well content
And the Citty Mouſe without all Complement,
Bid him welcome, and adviſed him to eate,
For here quoth he you ſee is ſtore of meate,
Diſpence with my blunt phraſes for tis night,
And to uſe many words would but affright
The Servants in the houſe; if we ſhould ſqueake
In a loud key, out of their ſleepe they'd breake.
Content quoth the Country Mouſe, let us fall
About the meate, and make no noiſe at all.
Withat the Country Mouſe ſtraightway did lay
His teeth to a Ducke that was in his way,

And

And ſpoyl'd the faſhion of his wings then next
The body of a Turky, he ſtraight vext
With gnawing it, and then againe to change
His diet he began againe to range,
And faſten on a Quaile, then on a Snipe,
And all this while his mouth he did not wipe,
Forgetting Ceremonies and all manners,
For theſe two Mice had never learnt their Gram-
Of morrall matters, or of Civillity, (mars
And therefore they ſcorn'd all formality:
When they had eaten hard, ſeeing ſuch ſtore
The Country Mouſe ſince he could eate no more,
Was very ſorry for he did never taſt,
Such diſhes as had at this feaſt beene plac't.
Before this time, ſo that he thus did ſay,
Happy are ſuch as eate and ſport, and play,
We may talke of wonders, but I thinke tis right
That ſenſuall pleaſures yeeld the moſt delight
Though ſome learn'd Clarks are more intelligible
Yet Mice, and Maydens ſtill are ſenſible,
And this morrall Note I will gather hence
The ſoule of pleaſure lieth in the ſenſe.
Why doe we talke, yet why are we afeard?
A Mouſe is a Philoſopher by his beard.
But now all thankes unto the Citty Mouſe
I tender, for bringing me unto this houſe.
How poore is the Country, how diſconſolate?
For now my belly's full a while to prate
I can intend, I tell you thoſe who live
In Country Ignorance, and doe onely give,

Their time to vaigar drugery, doe spend
Their happy houres unto a servile end,
That understand but how to drive their teame
With whistling, while their Horses are in a dreame,
Concerning provender, untill they do make them
An exposition when their whip doth wake them.
I tell thee City Mouse, the Country can,
Afford no pleasures unto Mouse or Man,
For here I have what my desire can crave,
There I am glad of chippings in a cave.
And yet I thought them good, but now I finde,
He that doth change his aire, doth chang his minde.
If I talke beyond my compasse, I desire,
To be excus'd, this cheare doth me inspire
For when the bellyes full, out of the Platter
Men oftentimes doe speake exquisite matter.
Some say that we should with a stomacke talke
And let our tongues courageously then walke
But to talke without a stomacke sure is best
When we have fild our stomacke at a feast.
Nay quoth the City Mouse since you admire
This store and plenty I doe now desire
You would survey the Roomes, and you shall see
What spacious and faire large roomes here be.
Each place doth seeme a paradise of pleasure,
Wherein the Rich man spends his doting leasure,
You are not caf'd up here within a cave,
For your large minde, as large a roome shall have,
Vnder the guilded seeling of some chamber
Or palace, where you may live free from danger;

The thefts of Mice rich men doe scorne to see
For in such places Mice may live most free,
But a small fault committed by a Mouse
Is soone discerned in a Country house.
Here we may live, but as I said come see
Those other roomes, which I will shew to thee.
Thus ushered by the Citty Mouse they come
At last into a faire neate dining Roome:
With pictures hung about, there was a Frier,
That to a Nunne it seemes had a desire
He hugd her in his armes, and the warme zeale
Which Fryers doe beare Nuns he did reveale.
The Country Mouse, had a dull apprehension
So that he tooke no pleasure in invention,
Or to view that picture, but was more taken
With the picture, of a gamon of Bacon,
What sweete proportions are there quoth he?
In this gamon, it is loves epitomie.
Thus rurall mindes doe oftentimes advance
Vnworthy things through their dull ignorance.
The tables in this dining roome were spred
With Turkey carpets all embroidered.
The stooles the cushions, and every chaire
Of cloath of Silver and rich Tissue were
Whereon young Gentlewomen, and Ladies might
Sit, while their beauties shined forth more bright,
Then their lesse glorious feate, but at this time
The Country mouse into a chaire did climbe,
But the other mouse upon the Table got,
And presently it was his happy lot,

To ſmell a diſh of ſweet conſerves and plumbs,
Then ſtraightway he a little farther runnes
And findes a diſh of marchpaine, that was fram'd
In the ſhape of a Caſtle, and had ſuſtain'd,
A moſt fierce ſeige, ſo that the ſtructure quite
Had beene demoliſht for the gueſts delight.
The Country Mouſe thus ſeated in a chaire
The Citty Mouſe expreſt much love and care
In waiting on him and before him ſet
A diſh wherein was left ſome Marmalet,
And then he brought him ſome ſweet Sugar plums
The Country Mouſe thought theſe were pleaſant crums.
For he before had uſe to whet his teeth,
On ruſty Bacon, or upon hung Beefe:
So that theſe ſweetmeates ſeem'd to melt,
Within his mouth before that they were felt.
The Citty Mouſe did ſtill attending ſtand
Waiting upon him ready at's command,
And taſting unto him every diſh leaſt he
Should ſuſpect in him ſome foule treacherie.
Much diligence he ſhowd thereby to expreſſe
What happineſſe his preſent ſtate did bleſſe.
So that the plenty ſeem'd to upbraid
The dinner which the Country Mouſe had made.
For the Citty Mouſe, when he came to his Cave.
No ſuch varieties, for him could have
In the Country, but his ſtomacke there was linde
With ſuch fare as the Country Mouſe did finde
Into ſome poore cupboord that ſtood open empty,
But in the Citty he found ſtore and plenty.

The Country Mouſe thus feaſted with good chear
Did in a jocund humour ſoone appeare,
And his conceits were ſweetned ſo that he
In a fine witty humour began to be
And would needs diſcourſe unto the Citty Mouſe,
Telling him that he lik't the rich mans houſe,
For here quoth he, we ſhall doe wondrous well,
And no body our knavery can ſmell,
For if we to a rich mans houſe belong:
We ſhall be honeſt doe we right or wrong.
To walke a nights we neede not be afear'd
For in the great roomes we ſhall not be heard;
O quoth the Citty Mouſe, I ſee you are wiſe,
The Citty doth afford moſt rarities,
And in the Citty rich mens houſes be
Places of pleaſure, as you painely ſee,
Beſides all this you ſhall finde more delight
For I will tell you 'twas my chance one night
To heare a wooing match, and as I ſaid
The Butler was wooing the Chambermaide.
I heard it all and when their candle grew
Vnto a ſnufe, he did much boldneſſe ſhew,
So that he would have done I tell you plaine
An act of darkneſſe which I will not name,
You muſt conceive my meaning, but when he
Imagin'd all the houſe in bed to be,
I having behind the chamber wainſcot got,
Began to ſcrape, which he miſtruſted not.
And hindred him of that which he did meane,
And put him quite out of his wooing Scene.

For I was then even gnawing of a bone,
Behind the wainſcot, as I oft had done,
But when the Butler, and the Mayd it heard
They preſently began to be afeard
And through a little cranny I eſpy'd
That both the Maids cheeks with a bluſh were di'd
And ſo theſe Lovers, being both faint-hearted
By a poore Mouſe were frighted and ſoone parted
For when I gnawd my bone againe, then they
For feare they ſhould be taken ran away.
O then thought I, I doe obſerve by this
That ſuch are fearefull as intend amiſſe,
And though they never thinke upon the devill
A Mouſe can fright them when they purpoſe evil.
The Country Mouſe, when he had heard his ſtory
Began to tell another in his glory.
Some Maydens in the Country on a time
Had made one night a Poſſet of good Wine.
And thereunto their ſweet hearts did invite
Intending to be merry all that night;
The Maydens and their Sweethearts merry were,
When I did put them all into a feare.
For I began to ſcrape behinde a wall,
So that they ſtraightway were affrighted all.
They thought their miſtreſſe had beene comming
And ſo away they ſlipped every one, (downe
And as you ſaid, thereby it did appeare
That guilty minds of all things ſtand in feare.
But O friend Citty Mouſe what rare content
Shall we enjoy when we are reſident,

Here in the Citty ; where each day and night
Shall yeeld us choiſe varieties of delight.
Here we ſhall feaſt our bodies with quaint diſhes
And in a word we ſhall have here our wiſhes.
But when the Country Mouſe theſe words had
One of the Maids began to turne the locke, (ſpoke
Of the dining roome, becauſe that ſhe did meane
As it did ſeeme to ſweepe it very cleane,
But then the Mice were put unto their Trumps
One from the Table leapes, and tother jumps
Off from the Chaire, and ſo both round about
They ran, but yet no hole they co'ld find out,
So that behinde the hangings they did hide
Themſelves, and in a mortall feare did bide.
Vntill the Mayd when ſhe had ſwept the roome
Went out and lockt the doore when ſhe had done,
But now the Mice being in a ſweate for feare
Came forth againe when that the coaſt was cleare,
But the country mouſe did then ſo quak & tremble
That you might plainely ſee he did not diſſemble.
And now the Servants did begin to riſe
And in the ſtreets they heard a hundred cryes
So that the Country Mouſe was in a fright
And wiſht he had not come from home that night
Thanking the Citty Mouſe for his good cheare,
Which he eſteem'd he had bought too deare.
He told the Citty Mouſe he would repaire
Vnto the Country where without all care
He could live freely, telling him he thought
Pleaſure to deare, that with ſuch feare is bought,

Although

Although my Countty fare is not so dainty,
Content is better unto me than plenty.
There I can live most quietly underground
In a poore cave, and never there be found
And when I list can goe unto a mill,
And with ground corne my belly soundly fill
To steale into a cubboard I'me not afraid
For any Mouse may fright a Country Mayd,
Especially if I doe sometimes proffer
To creepe beneath her coates, she feares the offer
And presently aloud the Mayde will scrieke
And then into some hole I straightway creepe,
And there I laugh to thinke the Mayd *Ione* can
Thus feare a Mouse that does not feare a man
Therefore I thanke you for my cheare but I
In the Country resolve to live and dye.
Let me in quietnesse there spend my leasure
For as I said content is my chiefe pleasure.
But now the Crow with hollow voice did creake,
And daylight did begin a pace to breake
The Citty Mouse, a little on his way
Did bring him, and then it did grow broad day,
So that the Country Mouse bid him Farewell:
For I (quoth he) within the woods will dwell
Where though my fare be course, I will live free
"He is not poord that can contented be.

*The Moral.*

*Philosophy was veyld of old*
*Vnder Fables, such as Æsop told.*
*And Homer, shewing men their lives*
*Through these sleeve Perspectives:*

*So by this Fable this is meant*
*That happinesse resti in Content,*
*And that contentednesse may dwell*
*In a poore Cave or Hermits Cell.*

FINIS.